

The Spring in the Desert

BY ELBERT HUBBAR

80 AND 82 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 27, 1900

The dispatches have confirmed the horrible story of a fresh massacre of Jews in Russia. The details of this shambles at Kieff recall all the unnamable crimes of Kishineff.

When the story was first told in the German newspapers on Tuesday it was formally and officially denied at the office of the Russian Premier, Stolypin, and the Russian press was compelled by the imperial authority to asseverate the lie that "no rioting had occurred at Kieff."

Thus the world's horror of the massacre is heated with indignation at the Russian authorities—which have furnished fresh proof of their sympathetic connivance in these atrocities.

As at Kishineff, so at Kieff, the police regarded the murder and torture of men, women and children with indifference, if not with co-operative interest.

Such a government tends to drift beyond the pale of international respect.

And the movement started in Europe, under powerful auspices, to compel the Russian government to give guaranties of police protection to its Jewish citizens is sure to find eager friends and supporters in the United States.

In case of the failure of such overtures it would seem that the time has come for the civilized world to take a hand in the internal affairs of Russia.

And the proposal of an international conference for that purpose—which appeared yesterday in European newspapers in more than one country—is a suggestion that will not seem to Americans premature.

The superintendent of schools in Philadelphia has published his plans for providing school children with inexpensive lunches.

The experiment is to be tried in four of the city's public schools situated in congested districts, and the plan is to be extended to the whole school system if it seems to be successful.

The children are expected to pay three cents a day for their lunches.

But the question, of course, will be raised how poor children can be relieved from this burden without "pauperizing" them.

And in the long run the probability is that the city, which does not scruple to provide expensive food for the mind, will get over its compunctions about furnishing a little cheap food for the bodies of all its children.

The American public school system is not finished yet. It grows and expands year by year, and takes on new aspects and offices. The principle of free and universal public education is only sixty or seventy years old. And it has made its way slowly throughout the country, creeping here and there into creeks and inlets, like the tide, but, like the tide, inevitable in its rise.

The nation that has taken to its heart the idea of the public school will at last balk at no measure that may be necessary to the fulfilling of the whole breadth and scope of that idea.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont of Newport and New York strikes a new and surprising note in the woman's suffrage movement.

In an article published under this lady's name in a current magazine the movement is represented as an implacable class struggle between the sexes.

Mrs. Belmont thinks that men will never concede the political equality of women without a measuring of forces—if not fight.

Within a generation or so, according to her rousing prophecy, the women of America will publish to the men an ultimatum somewhat after this fashion:

"Until you give us the ballot we will not marry you, we will not work in your places of business, we will have nothing to do with you, socially, industrially—any way."

In the final showdown women, we are told, will desert the homes and mock the needs of men; they will boycott the churches and strike in the hospitals.

And they will never surrender until they have won an absolute equality with their present political masters.

These ideas of Mrs. Belmont may have a refreshing vigor, but they do not sound like real life.

It is possible to draw the lines of an uncompromising class-struggle between lords and serfs, masters and servants, aristocrats and democrats, but not between men and women.

Every strategy will be circumvented, every conspiracy will be betrayed—by hot-hearted renegades from both sides.

[illegible]

THEIR ADVENTURES

By F. OPPER

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1—The steamer collided with an iceberg! Bing!
The sole survivors were Mr. Dough and Mr.
Dubb!

2—They drew lots to see which should be eaten
by the other! Dough did the drawing! Dubb
lost!

WE MUST DRAW LOTS

4—On the island where they had landed they found fruit growing! One fruit! Dough got it!

Now, Isn't It Tough

15 CTS. FOR THAT LITTLE PIECE?

AIN'T IT TOUGH WHEN ICE GOES UP

JUST LOOK, DEAR, WHAT THE BUTCHER'S BILL IS, FOR THIS WEEK!

MEAT BILL \$20

AND MEAT FOLLOWS SUIT

I'll have to raise you \$2 a month!

AND THE LANDLORD RAISES YOUR RENT

AND NOT ONLY THAT, BUT- YOUR BOSS REDUCES YOUR SALARY!

The Hall-Room Boys

GOOD IDEA BRINGING ALONG THIS VALISE
 WASN'T IT FERT? THE MANAGER! HE NEVER
 GET WISE TO US BRINGING IN STUFF TO
 EAT NOW. HE'S BEING DON'T
 COME AN'T SHORT WEIGHT
 GAME ON US THERE.

IT SURE WAS, SAI PERC. YOU'D BETTER TURN THAT POTATO SALAD UP THE OTHER WAY SO IT DON'T LEAK OUT IN THE WINDS.

WHO'D A THOUGHT THEY'D CALL.

HONOLULU MAN! THEY'VE MADE A PHONE CALL TO SEE YOU. HEAVEN'S FERRYD - THEY MUSTN'T CATCH US DOING THIS STUNT HERE.

GEE! HAH!

WANTS DOGS CHAINED
Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

I want to say how pleased I was to read your editorial on dogs. In my own mind, I have been a dog lover since I was a child. I have owned dogs and I am not sure to hurry past, either in the early morning or late in the evening. Last night, I was out for a walk and I was enjoying moon and a warm blanket.

Possessing a certain home—a stately building with a large garden and a few lawns. When I turned the owners, I told me to mind my own business as that dog was all right. In spite of the fact that I was one of their own children.

FLETCHER